

THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1884.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

THE LEDGER.

TO JANUARY 1, 1885.

For \$1.50 Cash in Advance.

Published for People on Earth.

Don't forget the oyster supper to-night.

Harry M. Bennett was home on a visit this week.

Oyster supper at basement Baptist church to-night.

See A. M. Harrison's ad. in this issue of the LEDGER.

Vandalia wants a large hotel, and wants it badly, too.

Oysters in any style at basement of Baptist church to-night.

James McKee is home from a business trip to Kansas City.

Corn is worth less than 20 cents and hogs less than 4 cents.

Miss Stella Turner is home after a pleasant visit to Macon City.

Don't fail to see Ada Stanley's celebrated band parade Dec. 24.

Herman Stelhorn smiled on his best girl in Moberly last week.

J. R. Sumner and family have returned to their home in Texas.

Johnny Ricketts is president of the Bachelors' Club of Hamilton, Mo.

Elder W. H. Hook is holding a meeting at Bean Creek school house.

Joe Offutt and Will McMurray have a skating rink at Vandalia.

Our friend, Clayton Lupton, is a smoother talker than ever. It is a girl.

Maj. E. L. Hord can tell a man's characteristics by the way he wears his hat.

Frank Kilgore has bought the business house occupied by Wilburn &amp; Smith.

Mrs. Julia E. Turner has been making a pleasant visit at Clifton Hill, Mo.

Miss Alice Keeton has returned from an eight months visit to friends in Colorado.

The Hardin College girls took Thanksgiving dinner at the Central-Ringo hotel.

Now is the time to subscribe for the LEDGER. Only \$1.50 in advance to January, 1885.

Dr. Wayman has been making some excellent temperance lectures throughout the state.

Sheriff Atchison is now at the jail ready and willing to accommodate any who break the laws.

Major J. W. Fletcher, of this county, is at Eureka Springs, Ark., for the benefit of his health.

Major E. L. Hord, of the Hotel d'Ferris, has our thanks for an invitation to Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Rixey, of Jonesburg, spent Thanksgiving day with the "old folks" in Mexico.

Dr. Gibbs, of Hattiesburg, is in Mexico last week on business. He says they need no undertaker out there.

Mr. I. S. Ferguson and wife, of Tipton, Mo., were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rosenberg.

The Vandalia, Leader-Army is booming. It has more new advertising than both the Mexico papers.

Dr. Koon is home from a pleasant business trip to Kansas. He thinks there is no place like Missouri.

"Artificial diphtheria are all the rage in Chicago." We had thought that natural diphtheria was Chicago's strong point.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Collins and Miss Lulu Crawford attended the grand ball at Wellsville last Friday night.

Mr. B. L. Locke took his annual smoke on Thanksgiving day and remembered all of his friends who called.

Hiram Greer, of Vandalia, was up last week. He has a fine lumber trade at that place and is a good business man.

Ada Stanley's Original Mastodons, comprising thirty talented stars, at opera house one night only, Wednesday eve, Dec. 24.

Rev. J. C. Armstrong did not preach at Richmond on Thanksgiving day as there was no morning train out on the branch.

L. Phillip has returned from Leavenworth, Kansas, with his son, Ben, who was dangerously sick but is now out of danger.

Miss Emma Gilliam, daughter of Squire Jas. F. Gilliam, was married in Dallas, Texas, Nov. 19, to a Mr. Madison of that place.

Married, in this city, on the 26th of Nov., by Elder W. H. Hook, Jas. W. Standford and Miss Minnie Loyd, both of Audrain.

Nine Peaked Sisters at Opera House, Friday, Dec. 12. Don't fail to attend their last appearance in Mexico. Fun, fun, fun.

James Stewart, a prominent merchant of Centennial, was in Mexico this week. He is looking first rate and doing a good business.

Samuel Miller, of Benton City, is poor but honest. He has been money to pay for his newspaper. There are few such men on earth.

Col. Campbell, brother of Lieut. Gov. Campbell, spent Thanksgiving with his daughter, Mrs. James D. Gregg, of this city, and called.

E. E. Watson, of the Hotel d'Ferris, is a candidate for Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives. Watson is a good man.

If you don't want the LEDGER next year let us know so we can stop it. We don't want to send the LEDGER to any one who doesn't want it.

## BRANDRIFF'S BAD BREAK.

Commits Suicide by Shooting.

WOMEN, WINE AND WOE NO DOUBT THE CHIEF CAUSES.

Strange Note to His Wife—What She Says About the Affair.

Some people contend that a person to commit suicide must be drunk or crazy—about the same thing as far as responsibility of action goes. Suicide is becoming a very common thing. When persons get tired of anything on account of something they think they can get even on their whole life by committing suicide. What becomes of a murderer? What becomes of a self-murderer? Are questions they leave unanswered if not unasked.

It has been some years since Mexico has had a suicide that was known to be a suicide, until last Monday, when Charles Brandriff, of this city, was found dead just before noon in his buggy house at his residence in South Mexico. The verdict of the jury was as follows:

We, the undersigned jurors, impaneled and sworn on the 1st day of December, 1884, in the township of East River, county of Audrain, by E. S. Cave, Coroner, to diligently inquire and true presentment make how and by whom Charles Brandriff, whose body we found in his barn on the 1st day of December, 1884, came to his death, having viewed the body and heard the evidence, and that deceased came to his death by a pistol wound in the right side of his head, the ball entering the right parietal bone and lodging in the brain. Said pistol shot was fired by his own hand.

J. W. WILLIS,  
J. T. COONS,  
B. A. WILLIAMS,  
W. T. FOX,  
M. H. KEMP,  
J. N. ALLEN,  
Jurors.

Attest: E. S. CAVE, Coroner.

The first question asked by every one who heard of the tragedy in this case, as in all others of the kind, was: "What was the matter with Charles? Why did he kill himself?" The LEDGER, as a newspaper, has spared no time or trouble to solve the questions for its readers. We find plenty of reasons for trouble and sorrow; none for suicide. We can conceive of no reasons for such a crime.

HE BLAMES HIS WIFE.  
The only clue that Charles left was the following letter which blames his wife, but without any explicit reason:

Mexico, Nov. 30, 1884.  
This is my last day on earth. Mollie, I have told you that this would come on you and you are the cause of the same, as you could not give me the encouragement that I desired. God bless you the balance of your life. This from the man that was devoted to you.

The letter was written the day before he killed himself, which shows the act was premeditated. During the inquest no facts were brought out, but LEDGER reporters since have ferreted out several interesting episodes, many of them known to be true.

CURRENT HISTORY OF DECEASED.  
Charles Brandriff came to Mexico after the war. He was originally from New Jersey and said he had a sister living in Baltimore. He often said she was well off and talked lately as though she was coming out to see him, and she may even now be on her way here.

As far as we can learn Charles went into the army, leaving a wife in the East. He fought through the war and was badly shot to pieces and came home to find his wife untrue to him. He came to Missouri and located at Mexico. He met Mrs. Hedge, a lady then working for Mr. Coll. She had one son (Charles) now in charge of the billiard hall. He married her. As far as we can learn he had no divorce from his wife and she had left her husband for reasons we do not know. In the course of a few years Mr. Hedge came to Mexico and tried to get his son Charles to leave his mother and step-father, Mr. Brandriff, and go home with him. Charles Hedge would not go but stayed with his mother. Old man Hedge did not try to make a fuss with Brandriff and his wife, as far as we can learn.

Whether Mr. Brandriff's first wife or Mrs. Brandriff's first husband are dead we have no means of knowing. It has been years since either have been heard from.

During late years Mr. and Mrs. Brandriff have lived in Mexico, often not very happy, we are informed. Mrs. Brandriff does not enjoy good health and being a little peevish did not always make it extra pleasant for Charles, who was a little rough in his manners.

His FINANCES.  
We do not think there was so bad a shape. It has not been long since we know he had nearly \$1,000 in gold because we saw it and we know other parties who have seen him with a good deal of ready money. What he has done with it is the question.

Mrs. Glascock has a deed of trust on his billiard tables for \$200 and he owed several other small bills, but not enough to give him much uneasiness. Some think he has money hidden; others think he sent money to his sister, while others know he gave money to lady friends, not his sister. Whether he squandered all of his money in this way is not known. While he was liberal he was not by any means considered a spendthrift. He was a good provider at home and thought by his neighbors to be a good husband.

AS USUAL,  
was one of the chief agents, if not one of the chief causes, of this as of all other tragedies. During the last few days of his life he drank very heartily—enough to keep him in a

## Special Drives!

IN

## CLOTHING!

UNTIL JANUARY 1st.

## OVERCOATS!

FOR CHILDREN,  
FOR BOYS,  
FOR MEN.

## S-U-I-T-S!

Of Every Kind.

## Our Stock!

Must be Sold.

Prices cut down LOWER than anybody will sell them to you.

Joe &amp; Vic Barth,

THE PREMIUM CLOTHIERS,

North Side Square, MEXICO, MO.

Leaders in Styles and Outfitters of all Mankind.

desperate mood. He stated Sunday and Monday that he "was going to settle up what he owed and quit." No one had any idea of what he meant. Monday morning the members of the family were all down town and Charles went home. It is thought he was expecting money from a woman, perhaps his sister, he had loaned money to and did not get it as he had been promised. Anyway he was terribly disappointed and cast down and the last seen of him alive was Monday morning about 9 o'clock as he was on his way home.

HE WAS FOUND  
a little after 11 a. m. by a negro boy in his employ. Charles Hedge, his step-son, was sent for and the body was removed to the house and the coroner summoned. Two shots were heard. Only one had taken effect and that in the back of his head. He was lying at full length with his head between the spokes of his front buggy wheel. The pistol was on his breast and his arms were lying stretched at full length by his side, and not folded across his breast as heretofore published.

Charles had many friends and as far as we know few enemies. He was rough in his manner but good hearted with all and a hard working man. At the time of his death he was proprietor of a billiard hall in the West block. He was not considered a drinking man or a man who would think of doing an act. Some thought he was a little rough, but he was not a bad man. He was a good man, a man who was loved by all who knew him.

Can Such Things be True?  
It is currently reported in Mexico that George Oliver, formerly of this city, has killed his wife. The truth of the report we cannot vouch for. George and his wife were living in Mexico and not far from the city. George was a man who was well known in this city. He was a good man, a man who was loved by all who knew him.

The George Oliver under sentence in Ohio to be hanged to-morrow was never in Mexico and it is not, as our contemporaries state, the one who was killed in Mexico. The Ohio man killed a man named Geo. Oliver, of Mexico. It is rumored, has killed his wife and we think this is false, for not long since we saw him in St. Louis.

LATER—As we go to press we receive intelligence from St. Louis that our Geo. Oliver is working for G. D. Ferris and has killed nobody.

Sam Morris has our thanks for a nice, fat Thanksgiving turkey. It arrived just in time, as we had begged some liver and borrowed some side-meat, expecting to make up in thanks what we lacked in substance. Sam's turkey went to the right spot; at least it started in that direction. We always feel more thankful on a full stomach, especially when it is crowded with turkey. May you live to donate another—and another—and also another, Sam, old boy.

Rev. W. H. Marquess, of Fulton, is conducting a protracted meeting at the Presbyterian church of this city. Rev. Marquess is not only a talented speaker and a learned scholar in the Bible and other books, but he is a fervent worker in the cause of Christ. He is earnest in his work, interesting all who hear him preach.

Hon. Champ Clark, of Bowling Green, has purchased the Post-Observer of that place and will assume editorial control. Clark is one of the best newspaper writers in the state and we know will infuse new vigor into the Post-Observer and bring it up to the front ranks of journalism where it belongs.

The ladies of the Episcopal church propose to open a bazaar about Dec. 15th to offer articles both useful and ornamental. They earnestly request that any husbands, wives, beauties or old bachelors intending to perpetrate any Christmas gifts will inspect their tables and stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Mr. J. T. Scroggins, of Farber, came up with the "needful" for the LEDGER Tuesday. He informs us that himself and several other parties are feeding nice lots of cattle for shipment. From him we also learn that J. N. Bondurant, constable of Quivira township, is lying very low of typhoid fever.

Our freight conductor, James D. Gregg, of Mexico, was married on the 19th inst. at Bowling Green, Mo., to Miss Maggie Campbell. Jim here's our best May your track always be smooth so that neither will ever have cause to use a "break" on your travels.—Fulton Telegraph.

General Minner's performance at Opera House Monday eve Dec. 3.

in which Mr. Brandriff spoke of her. I do not think she was his sister at all. I sometimes think she might have been the other wife. Here the conversation lagged somewhat, and the reporter finally asked: "Mrs. Brandriff, how about the note he left, blaming you with being the cause of his death?"

"That is also a mystery. I cannot account for it, as I always treated him the best I knew how. We were out at church together Sunday night, and he seemed as cheerful as could be, telling me that the next day he would settle what he owed and quit. He was weighing on his mind the balance of his days in case. Altogether his killing himself is as much of a mystery to me as to a stranger. He was a kind husband to me, and always was a good provider for his family."

"How was the note he left signed?" "It was not addressed, and was signed 'M.' I cannot account for it being written that way."

Mrs. Brandriff complained of not being well, and the reporter withdrew.

Advice to a Young Man.  
My son, when you go into politics, as I am grieved to see you have already done to the extent of ruining two suits of clothes with kerosene oil and the coat of your stomach with whisky—it would be much better for you to-day, socially, morally, physically and financially, had you drunk the kerosene and poured the whisky over your clothes, although your patriotic exhilaration would have suffered—but when you do go into real politics, when you triumph, triumph graciously, magnanimously, mercifully. You will observe that this advice is given you by me, a man who is laying on the flat of his back, while the naughty foe is holding a torchlight procession over his prostrate form. But it doesn't hurt me any, and I want to tell you why, and I want in that connection to give you one more line of advice. I died easy. And I want you, when the hour of defeat comes to you, to "die easy." Don't kick. Don't struggle after you are dead. It distorts the countenance, contracts the limbs, lends the features a hideous expression of agony and hate and terrifies the mourners. When your time comes, "die easy." Don't kick against man's destiny. Remember that it is to fight the fates. Now, when I read the returns on the 5th of November, I lay me down in calm though sorrowful resignation. I closed my eyes and folded my hands on my bosom and remained passive and quiet, and there wasn't a prettier Republican "remains" in all this broad land than your late lamented subscriber. It took a great many thousands of Republicans ten or twelve days to attain my state of sublime composure, but they came to it at last, and see how much time they lost. They kept anticipating the resurrection. Every time a triumphant Democrat blew his rejoicing horn they thought it was the trumpet of the Republican Gabriel, and jumped up in their grave clothes and went prancing around, and finally had to be knocked in the head with an official count before they would submit to the offices of the undertaker. I believe in pluck, my son, I believe in grit; I have an abiding faith in sand, like to see a man fight who doesn't know when he is licked, but I don't like to see a man howling back into the ring after he has been knocked out and the other fellow has gone away with the gate money. "Die easy," my boy, you'll look better, your friends and enemies alike will admire you all the more for it, and you'll be in better condition for getting up when your party Gabriel sounds the trumpet. Now, hear this in mind. Paste it in your hat. I don't know much about politics. I wish I had as many dollars as I don't know about politics—but what I do know I know for keeps, and I know it is always becoming for the party that gets its neck cut off to "die easy" and go off gracefully.

Don't fail to wait for the Original Plantation Warblers at the Opera house next Monday night, Dec. 8th. Street parade at 3 p. m. A large crowd is expected to be present at this show, and if you want good seats you should reserve them at once.

The theatrical collage of the various states met yesterday. John I. Mack carries Minner's vote to Washington.

John I. Mack, of the Gazette, is being pressed to take the St. Joe post-office. There is some sense in rewarding Democrats like Edwards.

Married, Nov. 27, at the residence of this bride's parents, Chas. E. Capner and Miss Mollie Bunting, both of Audrain. Elder Hook officiating.

Vandalia has a coal mine that furnishes all the coal that is used in that live growing little city. This will prove a big thing for the town.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Screeven Strothart made us a very pleasant call Tuesday. They will attend the World's Fair at New Orleans, by way of Galveston.

Don't fail to see the performance for the benefit of the Episcopal church, at Opera House, Friday evening, Dec. 12th. A good programme is promised.

Billie Carter received a paper last week containing the marriage of Wm. West and Miss Burke, of Kansas City. We don't know whether it is our Wm. West or not.

Leslie and G. D. Ferris are both in Mexico on business. They are making washing machines for a firm in St. Louis. The Johnston Bros. have retired from the business.

A good programme will be rendered by the best local talent of this city for the benefit of the Episcopal church at Opera House, one night only, Friday evening, December 12th.

Miss Ida Spencer of Leadenia has a nice lot of goods in her line, which she is selling very cheap. She sells only on twenty days time, and reader, if you owe her call and settle immediately.

Mr. M. C. Pearson and family will remove from Vandalia to Newtonia, in Newton county, Mo., next week to take up their permanent residence. Mr. Pearson will engage in farming. The Linnean follows him to his new home.

J. T. Coons is now in Marshall, Mo., acting as head bar-tender for Hall & Merrill of the Ming Hotel. Tom is a clever fellow and a good business man, making a host of friends wherever he goes. Tom knows his business and attends strictly to it.

C. F. Clark is making arrangements to move to Mexico and will live at the William Harper residence in South Mexico. Clark has rented his fine farm for five years. Clark is one of the largest stock men in the county and we are glad to see him move to Mexico.

My son, when you go into politics, as I am grieved to see you have already done to the extent of ruining two suits of clothes with kerosene oil and the coat of your stomach with whisky—it would be much better for you to-day, socially, morally, physically and financially, had you drunk the kerosene and poured the whisky over your clothes, although your patriotic exhilaration would have suffered—but when you do go into real politics, when you triumph, triumph graciously, magnanimously, mercifully. You will observe that this advice is given you by me, a man who is laying on the flat of his back, while the naughty foe is holding a torchlight procession over his prostrate form. But it doesn't hurt me any, and I want to tell you why, and I want in that connection to give you one more line of advice. I died easy. And I want you, when the hour of defeat comes to you, to "die easy." Don't kick. Don't struggle after you are dead. It distorts the countenance, contracts the limbs, lends the features a hideous expression of agony and hate and terrifies the mourners. When your time comes, "die easy." Don't kick against man's destiny. Remember that it is to fight the fates. Now, when I read the returns on the 5th of November, I lay me down in calm though sorrowful resignation. I closed my eyes and folded my hands on my bosom and remained passive and quiet, and there wasn't a prettier Republican "remains" in all this broad land than your late lamented subscriber. It took a great many thousands of Republicans ten or twelve days to attain my state of sublime composure, but they came to it at last, and see how much time they lost. They kept anticipating the resurrection. Every time a triumphant Democrat blew his rejoicing horn they thought it was the trumpet of the Republican Gabriel, and jumped up in their grave clothes and went prancing around, and finally had to be knocked in the head with an official count before they would submit to the offices of the undertaker. I believe in pluck, my son, I believe in grit; I have an abiding faith in sand, like to see a man fight who doesn't know when he is licked, but I don't like to see a man howling back into the ring after he has been knocked out and the other fellow has gone away with the gate money. "Die easy," my boy, you'll look better, your friends and enemies alike will admire you all the more for it, and you'll be in better condition for getting up when your party Gabriel sounds the trumpet. Now, hear this in mind. Paste it in your hat. I don't know much about politics. I wish I had as many dollars as I don't know about politics—but what I do know I know for keeps, and I know it is always becoming for the party that gets its neck cut off to "die easy" and go off gracefully.

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## "THE PUBLIC BENEFACTOR!"

AMONG YOU IS THE VERDICT OF ALL.

## The Brilliant Success

THAT GREETED THE

## GRAND-FALL-OPENING

OF THE

## GREAT

## NEW-YORK

## FIRE-STORE!

Four Doors North of New Post Office,

## Proves That People Do Appreciate Low Prices!

## And Good Goods!

From the very fact, to-wit: The fast disappearance of our tremendous stock. Never before, since Noah landed from his Ark, or in the history of Mexico and Audrain county, have people been so astonished to find such a change in the value of goods,

At THE PRICES WE ARE SELLING THEM AT.

Great

New York

Fire Store!

FOUR DOORS NORTH OF NEW POST OFFICE.

## These are the Prices That Tell the Tale:

500 cassimere suits, heavy weights, for men, in sacks, worth \$10 a suit, ordered sold by the insurance company at \$4 a suit. Great New York Fire Store, 4 doors north of new postoffice.

800 pair extra heavy pants, all sizes, for men and are cheap for \$3.50; to close out with the remainder they will be slaughtered at \$1.

375 pair of pants in worsteds, stripes and checks, ordered sold at headquarters at once at \$1.37 1/2; you can get them anywhere else for \$4 and \$4.50.

Pants for boys, we can give you this week an extra heavy jeans pants for boys at 55c.

Children's suits, we can give you a black school suit in a nice worsted, ages running from 9 to 16 years, at \$2.50 a suit, and are cheap at twice the money anywhere else. We can provide for the little fellows from 4 to 10 years suits that are cheap at \$1.50. The Holy communion will be celebrated at the 11 o'clock service. This week the following: \$1.65, \$2.25 and \$2.75. We promise you a delightful child's suit, age from 4 to 11, at \$2.75; comparatively cheap at \$5.50 anywhere else.

Wool Cassimere Suits.  
275 extra heavy all wool cassimere suits for men, worth \$12.75 a suit, ordered sold by the insurance company at \$5. Great New York Fire Store, 4 doors north of new postoffice.

HATS! HATS! We have a few left of those 25c hats, and they with our extra heavy undershirts and drawers at 25c are going like hot cakes. Strike the iron while it is hot and come at once before they are all gone. This chance will never return. It is impossible to enumerate every thing. Come and see for yourself. It will pay you a big dividend on time invested.

## Great New York Fire Store,

Four Doors North of New Post Office,

## THE GREAT BENEFACTOR OF AUDRAIN COUNTY,

MEXICO, - MISSOURI.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

West's Cough Syrup.

Apply to Lohman &amp; Barnes. 4t.

Stamps and foreign groceries at Garretts &amp; McCune's. 23-4t.

Woodward &amp; Son have a complete set of abstract books. 43-4t.

The freshest and cheapest groceries in Mexico at Garrett &amp; McCune's. 4t.

Extra fine stock of pantaloons put up at Gough &amp; Rogers'. 19-4t.

Hayden &amp; Greig have money to loan in sums to suit you. 1t.

You will miss it if you don't buy your groceries from C. F. Yarger. 25-4t.

Furniture is now cheaper at Robertson's than it has been for twenty years.

Go to Yarger's and get the best musical organ—cheap and complete. Call and see it. 35-4t.

Furniture—Transcendental Bedsteads. I have made another big reduction in prices. N. A. Robertson. 35-4t.

Take your country produce to Garrett &amp; McCune's and buy your groceries of them. 35-4t.

The best selected stock of goods ever brought to the city at Gough &amp; Rogers'. 19-4t.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Such are Willard Post's ice cream parlors. 5-4t.

If you are hoarse, come and get a bottle of West's Cough Syrup. Jno. J. Steele, druggist. 35-4t.

I have no old furniture to put off, bought when prices were high. N. A. Robertson. 35-4t.

West's Cough Syrup is the best thing that you can get for your bad cold or cough. Try it. Price 50c. Jno. J. Steele, druggist. 35-4t.

With Cleveland for president and the Horse Shoe boot and shop made shoes as cheap as L. Frank's, what more can people want? 35-4t.

Don't waste your money buying worthless Foreign Fruit. Buy the Golden Crown Brand. W. H. Norris. Price 25c per pound. 35-4t.

West's Cough Syrup is the latest and best thing for colds, coughs, etc. It will cost you only one-half dollar to try a bottle. At Jno. J. Steele's, druggist. 35-4t.